

OUR DUMB Animals

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"SHE LOVES ME, FOLKS"

Press Association, Inc.



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Animal Experimentation in the Classroom

*I*N a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dorothy Thompson has pointed up a very disturbing development in our educational system. Young people in some of our secondary and even elementary schools are being encouraged to experiment on live animals. This is being done in the name of science and in an effort to win the "race with Russia in Technological advances." It is obvious we are about to kill the patient with the cure.

Most undergraduate college students and *no* high or elementary school student has "the experience, the judgment, or the wisdom that is necessary in handling animals appropriate for complicated biological experimentation," says Dorothy Thompson. More than this, we are in real danger of warping the minds of our youngsters by exposing them to the senseless suffering that such classroom experimentation imposes. One report tells how the teacher proudly observed that after a few weeks he had managed to overcome all "squeamishness and fear" in the students and some even *took animals home for further experimentation !*

We can conceive of nothing more negative in a school than a deliberate attempt to dull a child's sense of compassion and humaneness. By one stroke, this thoughtlessness may have set the stage for a possible repetition of a Nazi brand of science in which even humans were looked upon as merely machines that responded in varying ways to different types of treatment—with a complete and total lack of feeling of responsibility for the lives involved.

Unless Reverence for Life, as we have said before, can be made a part of all aspects of our culture, there is danger for the future of this world.

Massachusetts law distinctly forbids this practice. Our American Humane Education Society is constantly alerting school personnel against the dangers involved in classroom cruelty and its science teaching aids are specifically designed to accomplish valid educational aims without recourse to any objectionable or negative experiences.

E. H. H.

SKI



J. O. Sneddon

By
Homer Hathaway

&

Alan Frazer

author of "MY BOSTON"
column

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SKI is dead, after thirteen glorious years as the mascot of the University of Washington!

Ski was a Husky, both literally and figuratively. There was never a sporting event held in which the Huskies participated that Ski wasn't there to parade up and down the sidelines.

Although no one was ever sure whether Ski knew what was going on, on the various sporting fields, he did know one thing for sure—he was a star, and he gave it everything he had, strutting with his tail arched, his ears perked and his eyes bright. And if he thought all those cheers were for him—well, possibly, they were.

It's a cinch they were for him the day he made his debut as the Washington mascot. It was at a Washington-California track meet in the spring of 1947 when Ski broke away from his handler and beat all the other runners in the 100-yard dash. No one today remembers who won the dash officially, but everybody that saw it remembers the deep-chested, grey-pelted Husky who crossed the line far ahead of the runners.

The vets worked hard to save Ski, but a combination of uremic poisoning and old age just couldn't be beaten by all of their skill.

There are thousands of University of

Washington graduates who feel a personal loss now that Ski is gone, because Ski, unlike most Huskies, was born a gentle dog, and he remained a gentle dog until his death. He was the kind of dog that University graduates pointed out to their children and hoped he would still be around when they went to college.

One of his many friends, when notified that Ski was gone, remarked: "He was a real nice dog."

Is there any greater praise than that for a dog whose friends were numbered in the thousands?

Asst. Editor's Note: With the permission of Mr. Alan Frazer, author of the MY BOSTON column that appears in the Boston Evening American, I am presenting a sidelight to Ski's death that may interest some of our readers:

"I heard an interesting story about the search for a new mascot for the University of Washington Rose Bowl football team, whose nickname is the Huskies.

"The old mascot, Ski, died about a year ago. The Washington student body, seeking a replacement, learned that "Husky" wasn't a standardized breed of dog. They had trouble finding the right type.

"Then the students of the University of Alabama, hearing of the search, sent a

puppy named Denali which, it was assumed, would look like an Eskimo dog when it grew bigger. But Denali didn't.

"After a great deal of publicity offers were received from all over the United States and Canada, but most of those who claimed to own huskies only wanted to lend their dogs. And many wanted Rose Bowl tickets.

"Finally an offer was received from the owner of a Malmute kennel in Olympia, the capital of Washington. He gave the University a free choice of any of his pups and President Don Nielsen of the student body selected a six weeks' old Malmute.

"The football team named the puppy "King Chinook." Everything looked rosy as regards a new mascot, until it was found the puppy was too young to make the trip to the Rose Bowl and stand on the sidelines.

"A substitute had to be obtained. It was a Samoyed named Prince Kuzan, owned by a student.

"Since a Samoyed is an Arctic dog, this one looked the part in the Rose Bowl and mascotted the Washington team to a big lead right at the start of the game. Then the low temperatures being much to his liking, it curled up and went to sleep for the rest of the afternoon."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

THE big black and white bobbed-tailed cat reached his paw through the small hole in the screen door and pulled it wide enough to wriggle his sleek, shining body through. He came into the kitchen and jumped up on the stool beside me and said "Meow." I pointedly ignored him and he retaliated by reaching out and swatting me with his big paw repeating the "Meow." "Okay, so you are hungry," I chuckled, going to find him something to eat.

Mister Meow was no ordinary cat. He was a privileged character coming and going as he pleased. He had carved for himself a deep and lasting niche in the hearts of our family in the four years since he had first come to us, a tailless little derelict of a raging winter storm, miserable and half drowned.

Soon after his appearance into the family, our youngest daughter, Robyn, was born. From the moment we brought her home from the hospital, Mister Meow nominated himself as her personal guardian and protector. He entertained her as a baby, guarded her on her pallet in the yard, accompanied her on her rides in her stroller, cushioned her falls with his own body as she learned to toddle and was her constant companion after her steps became more sure. The little girl and her big beautiful cat became a familiar sight around our neighborhood, trudging along together. Sometimes the little girl carried the cat which was almost as big as she was. He grew into a big, beautiful tomcat, gentle and loving and most of all patient with the sometimes cruel little hands of the child. Robyn wasn't the only one that loved the cat. Her brother Steve played with Mister Meow just like a dog, rolling and scuffling with him. The cat would cuff him now and then, but never enough to scratch.

One day I was watching the cat and Robyn playing out in the yard. She was busy trying to get him into her doll buggy, but the big cat was always jumping out before she could get back to the handle to push. I noticed a big, vicious-looking dog, that was acting very queer, coming into the yard and making straight for my small daughter. I ran for the door but before I could reach the child, the big cat had acted on his own. He ran to a tree and jumped part way up the trunk. There he sat and waited until the dog got under him. As the dog came racing by, the cat jumped, landing on top of the dog's back



MISTER MEOW

By Patric Stevens

and setting his long claws deep into the flesh. The startled dog tried to shake the clawing, fighting black demon on his back, but the furious cat rode him out of the yard and half a block away before jumping off. The dog was never seen again in the neighborhood.

Mister Meow was four years old when he brought home a guest one night. A part-Persian mother cat who promptly presented us with a boxful of kittens. Out of these kittens, we kept one which was solid black and fluffy like its mother. Mister Meow took over his training and

was very proud of him. He licked his coat, kept him clean and boxed the kitten's ears when he misbehaved. Soon after Mister Meow brought us his son, the big cat was killed. It was as if the cat had been trying to tell us that he was giving us the kitten to take his place and as if he was trying to leave Robyn something to love after he was gone. The little girl took the parting very hard, but children, especially the very young, are blessed with short memories and soon she was cuddling the small, fluffy, black kitten which was destined to become "Black Lightning."



Who-o-o?

By Audrey Frank

HAVE you ever heard the owl that barks like a dog? What owl has been described as the "winged tiger?" Is there really an owl that is no larger than a sparrow? What do you think of when you hear the word "Owl" mentioned?

Like most people, you probably think of a large-eyed bird with an eerie hoot that flies only at night. While the common Barn owl fits this description, he is only one member of a greatly varied family. Let us take a look at our friend—and sometimes enemy—Mr. Owl.

Owls, contrary to popular belief, are one of the few birds that see equally well by night or day. They hunt by night because they prefer to, not because the daylight hurts their eyes. At least two species, the Barred Owl and the Hawk Owl, hunt by day.

As a rule, owls remain silent. When they want to let you hear them, though, all have voices that greatly vary from a soft mew not unlike a cat, to the shrill screams and shrieks that echo through the still night.

The Long-Eared Owl, a nocturnal bird, has a voice that sometimes sounds like the yap of a dog and at other times sounds like the mew of a cat. The Saw-Whet Owl sings a song that sounds like a man sharpening a saw with a file. As you can imagine, this is not too pleasant on the ears.

The Barred Owl is the noisiest of all owls. It has a powerful voice and uses it to make weird noises in the still night. In spite of its large size and terrible sound, it is a gentle owl.

On the other hand, the Great Horned Owl has been called the "winged tiger" because it is one of the most savage birds of prey. These owls will attack almost anything that runs or flies. Although it prefers to eat rabbits, it will also pounce on weasels, skunks, turkeys, mice and snakes—in fact, it has been known to attack animals larger than itself—such as the wildcats. Because the Great Horned Owl will even attack a man, few states protect him.

This savage instinct doesn't limit itself to large-sized birds. The Pygmy Owl is about seven inches long, smaller than a Robin, but it is a fierce little owl that "whistles" as he flies along.

The Elf Owl is the smallest member of the owl family. About the size of an English Sparrow, its diet consists of ants, beetles and grasshoppers.

Barn Owls are the most familiar to people since they are most frequently seen living in barns as a rule, they are always hungry and are called the "farmers friends" because a pair of them can kill more mice than a dozen cats. Farmers are usually happy to see a pair of these owls set up housekeeping in their barn.

While some owls have a bad reputation because they will attack small farm animals and birds; most are beneficial in helping to keep the rodent population under control.

Whether huge or tiny, silent or noisy, the owl is truly one of our most fascinating birds.

Horse Sense

By Mary Lucile Dawkins

TRIXIE was a little black mare, about fifteen hands high and weighing just 600 pounds. She was fine of bone and had a broad streak of mischief that included whipping around to nip the seat of anyone's pants who tried to climb aboard. Perhaps this mischievous streak was learned from the children she associated with, for Trixie belonged to a private summer camp for girls located in the Smoky Mountains, where I spent several summers teaching horseback riding.

Because Trixie, even as small as she was, sometimes proved to be too much horse for the campers, and because she was too light to carry the other riding instructors, I inherited her automatically as a mount. I weighed 104 pounds at the time.

I was not too happy with my inheritance, for Trixie's mischief did not stop at nips. She took pride in the speed of her little legs and hated to have any horse pass her. But carefully watched, Trixie proved valuable. If I had to stop a runaway, Trixie was always as eager at it as I. And in setting the pace at the head of a trail of riders, she could be trusted to let no other horse take over her job. In extra-curricular barrel races, I could expect to win if I rode Trixie, for she could turn on a dime and spurt to great speed in an instant.

But that's not all. Trixie saved my neck on two occasions. Once I was leading a trail of fifteen riders to ford a mountain river. We were almost a mile upstream from the well-used crossing, and it was getting late. Finding a likely spot for crossing, I decided to take a short cut. I rode to the water's edge, a little bank, and urged Trixie in. She balked. I coaxed her but she balked again. Trixie proved to be right. I dismounted and found a menacing root curled and twisted just under the surface of the water. It might have meant a broken leg for Trixie and a broken neck for me, since the bed of the stream at that point appeared to be solid rock. The root, ironically enough, was of an arbor vitae tree, the tree of life, that grows to grotesque shapes in the Smokies.

This experience I took with a grain of salt, attributing the balking to Trixie's stubborn streak and not to any innate sense of the river's dangers. But a few days later she proved to me that she knew that part of the mountain better than I did.

I was riding alone, looking for new trails close to the camp where I could take beginning riders for short jaunts. I found a trail I hadn't noticed before. The entrance to it jutted off from a well-worn path, and it was almost hidden by wild

grape vines. I decided to investigate.

I had not gone ten yards into the tangle of growth before Trixie stopped dead in her tracks and refused to go farther. I urged her on, but still she would not budge. Trixie stood firm, pitting her will against mine. Just as my temper was getting short, I heard a shot crack out in the mountain stillness. Just ahead, a branch broke and dangled over the spot where I would have been had Trixie obeyed my command!



Trixie was like a mischievous but lovable child.



Dinnertime

By Margaret Carpenter

*After the storm was over
And there was a lull,
Over the rolling ocean
Appeared a lonely gull.
Dipping, swooping and gliding
From behind the sun he appeared,
Over the waves he was riding
The tips of his wings looked seared.
As I watched his graceful motions
In the rays of the setting sun,
He suddenly swept to the ocean
As if shot from the mouth of a gun.
For a moment I thought he was wounded
As he struggled and churned the waves,
Then up he rose, triumphant
And vanished from my gaze.*

Readers on Review



"Here's my 'King George'!" . . . The proud owner, Miss Martha Hale Shackford of Massachusetts, tells us that he is 13 years old and weighs 15 pounds. Indeed, a regal sight.



"Frederic," owned by Mrs. M. Todd Stevens of Massachusetts seems to be sitting down on the job! Perhaps the holiday season was too much for him.

Scottie Scoops

"HILLSIDE ACRE," the cemetery for small animals, is located fairly near busy route 28 in Methuen, Mass., and yet it is a quiet spot. Quiet and beautiful in a memorable way.

It is a credit to its maintenance staff, who keep it in such perfect condition. There are no scraggy shrubs or weedy patches, and even the older part under the trees on the slope is neat and well kept.

On the particular Sunday pictured here, the little cemetery lay under an almost negligible sprinkling of snow, but there was enough here and there to give it a touch of Christmas and added charm to the wreaths and baskets, sprays and ornaments which decorated the graves.

Over in the thicket beyond the fence some wild birds chattered and a squirrel hung upside down in one of the trees inspecting us. Now and then the clouds parted to let a ray of sunshine through to pick out a bit of tinsel, a bright ball, or touch, for a warm minute, one of the many little figurines standing watch beside the headstones. We who care are convinced that all these to which God has given life survive.

By Tammy of Pembroke.



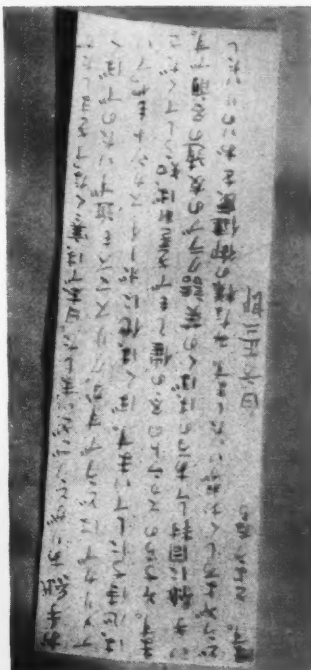
Christmas in Methuen.

March, 1960



Syojiro Sirakata and his father.

Pen-Pals Unlimited



THE Animals Pen-Pals Club encourages the children to write in their native language. By so doing, we hope that the children if they cannot translate themselves, will seek the assistance of their intimate family and relatives and friends, as well as their teachers. In this way the circle of Kindness is ever widened. — *Send for your pen-pal application today: Animals Pen-Pals, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.*

THANK you very much for the letter. It is getting colder and colder in Japan, and I wonder what kind of weather you are having now. I am looking forward to Christmas for it is just around the corner. Besides being interested in animals I also belong to the Boy Scouts. So, I would like very much to learn about boy scout activities during the winter time in the United States of America. I include my friend's name, who will act as my translator. He is a member of the English club at school.

Hoping for your good health . . .

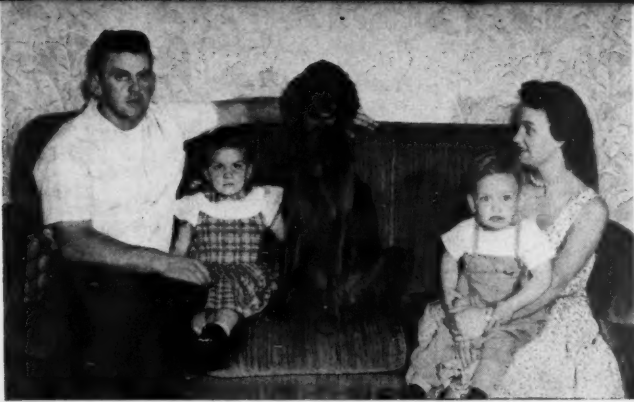
Yours truly, Syojiro Sirakata (age 13), Shikagaki-cho, Em-machi Nakagyo-ku, Kyoto, Japan.

* Translated through the courtesy of Mr. Kazyuke Hotta, Massachusetts Inst. of Technology.

Mavourneen
takes an
active part
in family life.

Mavourneen thinks she's people. From morning till night she joins in the family's work-a-day world and in its recreation, no matter what the project may be—from helping Mom through the breakfast marathon (by lying under foot right in the middle of the floor as an added hurdle to contend with) to occupying the most comfortable chair in front of the television. After all, if you're part of the family, who can object?





Front and center—the proudest member of the family.



Mom slips a tidbit even though its forbidden.



Watch out, Dad, for that crazy driver on your left.



Helping to drive is a tiring experience.

Dad and Mavourneen have to keep up on the news, especially the stories on the sports pages, to be able to carry on an intelligent conversation with visitors.

Photos by Eric Wahleen



Beckoning Cat



By Vernice Dreis

WAS the cat only washing its face or really beckoning the passer-by, that day in Tokyo, Japan? Buried deep in legend is the answer. It is said, the influential citizen, believing it to be a sign to enter, did so. There he found a very poor priest living in a decaying temple. Seeing such poverty, the visitor made a large contribution to the temple and its priest. The priest believed his pet to be the reason for his good fortune; so he erected, as a temple symbol, a statue of a cat beckoning fortune.

The temple became a place where services are conducted for deceased pets, and is visited by many each year who come to offer prayers. Even Geisha make frequent visits, as they believe these members of the feline family furnish them with strings for their musical instrument, the samisen.

Near the entrance is a large stone marker. When it was placed there, it displayed on its surface a carved cat. The image has since been erased by people rubbing a stone over it as they make a wish. It still receives many wishful rubs,

that have left it one fourth its original size.

There is a pet cemetery that serves as the resting place of thousands of loved pets. Burial rites and services are performed in ceremonial solemnity. Elaborate markers serve as tombstones for pets who lived a more luxurious life. Wooden markers painted with black epitaphic characters tell the visitors many pets had a life with less luxury, but just as much love.

Space is not limited to natives of Japan. One section is reserved for foreigners. In this area you will find more familiar inscriptions such as: "Toby, peace be with you." Dog lovers may also purchase a final resting place for their beloved pets. Burial expenses are six hundred yen, less than two dollars. Just a few cents over eight dollars will pay for a permanent plot.

Replicas of the little beckoning cat are not only found in the temples today; but merchants of small shops display one in a window or on a shelf near-by, to beckon those who pass, enter and bring with them good fortune.

Book Review

NATURE STORIES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS By Lille Koenig, Illustrated Thomas T. Crowell Co., N.Y. 1958, \$3.50.

THE opening chapter established the tone of the book. The author is one of those people who must have animals about her—in short she loves them. Despite her love for animals she does not try to make little human beings out of them or require that her animal friends conform to human standards or mores. The author has attempted to understand her animal friends. Animals cannot do wrong—they perform as Nature dictates. The "rightness" or "wrongness" of their acts are determined by human beings.

Nature Stories is an intriguing report of the behavior of many birds and mammals. Failures in raising some of them are recorded, and thoughts as to why the attempt failed are advanced. An example of this may be found on the pages devoted to bee-eaters, a species of bird. Mrs. Koenig learned by sad experience that human attempts to aid wild creatures' family life are not always successful. Her sadness in losing them is evident in her writing. Her efforts to save bee-eaters from the wrath of bee-keepers are backed by facts, bee-eaters do not live exclusively on bees and deplete the hives.

Animal behavior is studied not only in the field but in pets raised by the Koenigs. They are not detached observers, for their love of animals pervades every observation. They have won the love of numerous animals and have contributed to man's information about animals. To know more about the complexities of an animal's life, is to understand it better; with better understanding comes increased respect for the individual animal and its niche in the great scheme of life.

The genuine love for animals that permeates every tale in the book is encouraging. If the author, her husband, and colleagues are scientists—they are also people with a heart and conscience. They appreciate the beauty of living creatures for its own sake. Mrs. Koenig's sketches of her many animal friends, and several photographs of them supplement the text and add to the overall enjoyment of the book.

—David A. Ryan

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning January 1, 1960, the general subscription rate to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be \$2.00 per year. Single copies — 20¢ each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be, as follows and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

1 - 4 Subscriptions — \$2.00 each
5 - 24 Subscriptions — \$1.50 each
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50 - 99 Subscriptions — \$1.00 each
100 Subscriptions and over —
\$.75 each

Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1959 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is ready for mailing. The low price of this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is still only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

Rusty

By Maude C. Pewsey



OUR dog "Rusty" was five weeks old when we adopted her. No money could buy her now. She is so dear to us and exceptionally intelligent. She enjoys the sofa as much as we do. The other day when she wanted to rest, she saw one of her balls right where she always rests. She calmly picked the ball up and placed it at the very end of the sofa, then went back to rest in her usual place.

She is very fond of watching television and especially enjoys Lassie on Sunday evenings. On a program the other night there was a little white curly puppy. She went right over to the TV and started to lick the picture and wag her tail. (It is wagging most of the time.) If a member

of the family telephones and we put the receiver to her ear she immediately knows our voice and barks.

A short time ago we had trouble with the furnace. Rusty must have sensed something wrong because she hesitated when we opened the cellar door for her to go down. She no doubt noticed the oil leak before we did, that is, the *odor*. The following day we would have had an explosion and had the oil converted into gas. We are sure now why she refused to go in the cellar.

Rusty is a happy, good-natured dog and we believe that a dog grows up according to the kindness shown them. The only time she is sad is when there is illness, then she stays close by the one who is ill.



Progress Report on: Project Braille

SINCE my January progress report concerning Project Braille I have received over fifty responses and donations totaling a little over \$150. This to be sure is a very good start, however, we will need approximately five times that amount in order to put the ANIMALS magazine into braille once a year. I do hope this second appeal to those readers that have not responded will bring our donation total up to at least $\frac{1}{2}$ the amount needed.

Donations have been sent in from such states as: Connecticut, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Wisconsin and Vermont, also Canada. The largest single donation has been, thus far, \$20. Two of the responses were from young people 12 years old, one of whom has the dream of becoming a veterinarian: "Continue your wonderful work, so that I may join you when I become a veterinarian. Then I will be proud to say that I have been a humble servant to these understanding loving animals." Another response came: "In memory of my sister, who passed her last twenty-five years without sight." Still another response has come from a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ year old, deaf cat, named "Peter," of Vermont.

Please direct your prayers to Heaven and your donations of \$1. to PROJECT BRAILLE, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Nature Camp

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- Variety of outdoor activities
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For further information concerning this Nature Camp write:

The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts

Ninety-Second Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1959

ONCE again we have found that the reports of work done by our Society and its various departments have reached such a volume that we are again planning to publish these in booklet form. We are, therefore, confining ourselves in this issue to statistical reports of our activities.

We do wish to take this opportunity to thank most sincerely our many friends who have helped us morally and financially to carry on the huge work of animal protection which we have undertaken despite the ever-increasing costs of operation. Without such aid we could not possibly continue our ever-increasing program.

ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1959

Hospital cases	10,441
Dispensary	15,236
Operations	3,890
Northampton St. Animal Clinic	6,813

ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1959

Hospital cases	4,028
Dispensary	10,007
Operations	1,507

ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD-NANTUCKET CLINIC DURING 1959

Hospital cases	1,280
Dispensary	2,906
Operations	274
Outside calls	424

SUMMARY

Total cases treated in Boston	25,677
Total cases treated in Springfield	14,035
Total cases treated in Martha's Vineyard-Nantucket	4,610
Cases in Hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	456,656
Cases in Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	1,016,493
	1,473,149

REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STAFF

Herman N. Dean, Chief Officer

Complaints investigated	2,463
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	51,703
(at abattoirs, stockyards, railroad yards	497,488
(at 91 auctions)	6,812
Total animals inspected	556,003
Prosecutions	12
Convictions	10
Ambulance calls	14,303
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	1,220

(placed in homes)	6,264
(humanely put to sleep)	42,818
Horses (taken from work)	38
(humanely put to sleep)	75
Total animals handled	50,377
Mileage	275,494

BOSTON SHELTER

Complaints investigated	1,630
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	31,639
(at auctions)	5,289
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	292,540
Total animals inspected	530,008
Prosecutions	6
Convictions	5
Ambulance calls	6,214
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	292
(placed in homes)	1,849
(humanely put to sleep)	10,728
Horses (taken from work)	21
(humanely put to sleep)	15
Total animals handled	12,905
Mileage	115,474

SPRINGFIELD SHELTER

Malcolm B. Erving, Harry Smith, Prosecuting Officers

Complaints investigated	250
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	5,165
(at abattoirs, railroad yards and stockyards)	844
(at auctions)	0
Total animals inspected	6,009
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	2,027
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	749
(placed in homes)	2,752
Horses (taken from work)	0
(humanely put to sleep)	0
Total animals handled	16,954
Mileage	28,584

PITTSFIELD SHELTER

Malcolm B. Erving, Prosecuting Officer
Luois E. Peaslee, Shelter Manager

Complaints investigated	122
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	5,276
Total animals inspected	5,276
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	1,632
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	48
(placed in homes)	369
(humanely put to sleep)	4,436
Horses (taken from work)	0
(humanely put to sleep)	1
Total animals handled	4,854
Mileage	26,783

BROCKTON SHELTER

Herbert C. Liscomb, Shelter Manager	
Ambulance calls	1,050
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	14
(placed in homes)	162
(humanely put to sleep)	4,635

Large animals humanely put to sleep	0
Total animals handled	4,811
Mileage	10,082

HYANNIS SHELTER

Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	18
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	83
Ambulance calls	427
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	0
(placed in homes)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	758
Horses laid up	0
Total animals handled	759
Prosecutions	0
Convictions	0
Mileage	27,299

WENHAM SHELTER

John T. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	207
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	4,410
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	2,699
(at auctions)	315
Total animals inspected	7,424
Prosecutions	3
Convictions	2
Ambulance calls	279
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	6
(placed in homes)	132
(humanely put to sleep)	1,738
Horses (taken from work)	15
(humanely put to sleep)	20
Total animals handled	1,911
Mileage	15,810

METHUEN SHELTER

Joseph E. Haswell, Superintendent

Ambulance calls	1,632
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	78
(placed in homes)	678
(humanely put to sleep)	5,945
Horses humanely put to sleep	20
Total animals handled	6,845
Mileage	25,085

WORCESTER COUNTY

Harry C. Smith, Prosecuting Officer
Archie Hollows, Fitchburg Shelter

Complaints investigated	217
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	5,130
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	1,405
(at auctions)	668
Total animals inspected	7,203
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	332
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	5
(placed in homes)	34
(humanely put to sleep)	715
Horses (taken from work)	2
(humanely put to sleep)	5
Total animals handled	761
Mileage	12,127

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD SHELTER	
Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer	
George Jackson, Shelter Manager	
Complaints investigated	4
Ambulance calls	627
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	4
(placed in homes)	72
(humanely put to sleep)	159
Total animals handled	237
Prosecutions	0
Convictions	0
Mileage	7,082

NANTUCKET SHELTER	
Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer	
Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager	
Complaints investigated	15
Ambulance calls	83
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	22
(placed in homes)	91
(humanely put to sleep)	251
Prosecutions	0
Convictions	0
Horses humanely put to sleep ..	14
Total animals handled	378
Mileage	7,168

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Flowers to the Living

WE were most happy to see a letter to the Editor published in the Lexington Minute-Man about one of our Society's very best friends and we were delighted to learn that others besides ourselves realized her true worth. That friend is Mrs. A. E. Nunan of Lexington. The letter follows:

To the Editor:

Regarding the article in last week's Minute-Man about John Ball of Marrett Road, rescuing the cat from a sewer, he surely deserved the Certificate of Merit from the S.P.C.A. I heard about this incident before it reached the paper, from Mrs. Nunan.

Since I have been here in Lexington, for over fifteen years, there have been many times when our pets were taken in and sheltered by Mrs. Nunan. By making phone calls and questioning different children she somehow manages to find the owners of the "strays."

I should like to offer the following poem for "Nunie." . . .

*When pets of ours decide to roam
Our cats and dogs and such;*

*Somehow they land at Nunie's
'Cause she has a magic touch!*

*She'll always find the owner
Never stops until she does;*

*And on the phone she'll give us all
A kindly friendly buzz . . .*

*Reminding us that dogs lose tags
And cats are bound to stray*

*Until we pick them up
In her kind loving care they stay .*

*We're lucky we have Nunie
(Hope she never moves away)*

*'Cause dogs of course may lose their tags
And cats are bound to stray.*

Marie L. Phelps

Fleas

THE two fleas had had a hard day at the circus and it was time to go home. Said one, "Shall we walk or take a dog?"



The YOUNG

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.



*It happened once when I was ill,
The family doctor came to call—
But Chum could not be coaxed outside—
He wouldn't leave the room at all.*

—Edna Markham

"Erin Go Braigh"

ACCORDING to an old Irish legend Saint Patrick drove all of the snakes out of Ireland long, long ago. March 17th many American of Irish ancestry celebrate St. Patrick's Day. On that day why don't you try your luck at drawing a snake; draw two large letter S figures then connect them and color your snake green.

Don't Delay

Do It Today!

Write: Mr. Governor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15,
Massachusetts

Join: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club Now!



Poor Piglet

By Dorothy Irwin—age 8

ONCE I had a little piglet. But one day, June 17, 1959, I went outside and called him, but he didn't come. So I went around the house calling and looking. But he still didn't come. Then I went in the house and told my mother, and she told my father. We looked and called. He still didn't come. So we got dressed and went to church. On our way we saw something lying at the side of the road. When we got closer, we saw that it was my little piglet. I started to cry. I cried so hard that my father didn't take me to church. He took me to my friend's house. When my father got home, he buried piglet. And I know I'll never forget piglet ever.



Oscar

By Doris Schlegel

MY name is Doris Schlegel. I am 12 years old and I have a dog named Oscar. He is 4 years old. Oscar has so far led not too good a life, since his friend and companion died a few months ago. When Skippy, Oscar's pal, died Oscar was sick and wouldn't eat very much.

Oscar was very thin and small when he was given to me as a birthday present. Now he is healthy as you can see. He has finally gotten over his sadness and enjoys the company of his dog friends once more.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

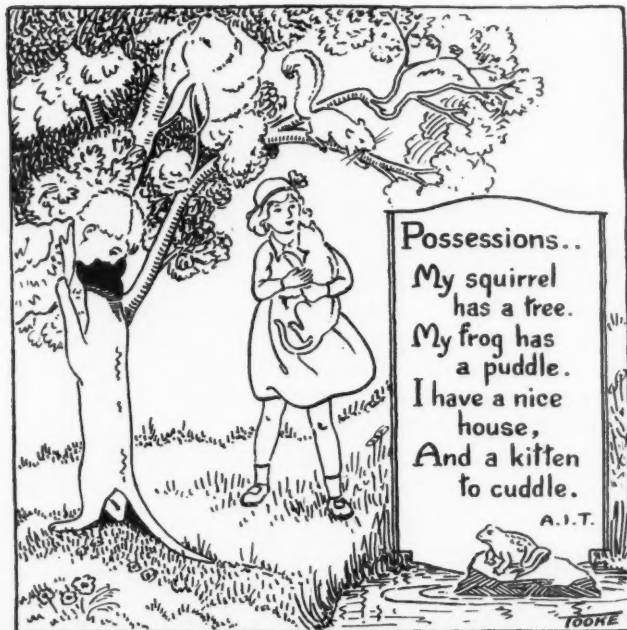
READER'S Pages



Peppy and the Cats

By Willis Mayo — age 8

BEFORE we had any cats we had one dog. His name was Peppy. He was called Peppy because he had so much pep, and was always running around. Peppy was a black dog. He seemed to get lonesome so we got four cats. Their names were Friskie, Lady, Pear and Repeat. Friskie and Lady were big boy cats Pear and Repeat were kittens. Peppy and the cats ate together and slept together. Peppy and Friskie would lick each others fur to keep it clean. All the cats and the dog lived happily together.



Possessions

By Alfred I. Tooke

HOW good are you at finding things? In the sketch above, the girl talks about her animal friends: a squirrel, a frog, and a kitten, all of which are in plain sight. But can you find the girl's brother and his pet cat, rabbit and duck?

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:

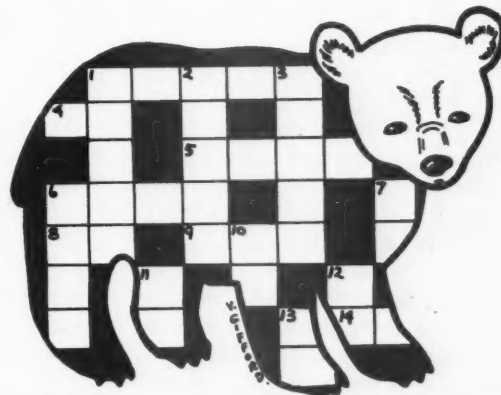
CRITTER CORNER

WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV



WHEN: Every Saturday morning, 9:00 to 9:45 a.m.

WHO: John Macfarlane, host, and
an assortment of fascinating animal friends.



EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!



ACROSS

1. THE BROWN BEAR.
4. 60 SECONDS - ABBV.
5. MENTAL PICTURE.
6. 
8. MORNING.
9. 
14. MYSELF.

DOWN

1. 
2. TO JOIN TWO THINGS.
3. DAUGHTER OF A BROTHER OR SISTER.
6. 
7. 365 DAYS - ABBV.
10. YOU.
11. WIZARD OF —.
12. 900 ROMAN NUM.
13. TOWARD.

Dilly

By Laureen Ann Lawson — age 11

MY dog is a wonderful pet. She acts just like people. She is a Dalmatian, 11 months old, weighing 35 lbs. Her favorite pastime is throwing an old shoe into the air and then pouncing upon it and chewing it to pieces. One thing that is fun about her diet is that she likes lettuce and tomatoes, as well as, bananas. Dilly is a loyal dog and I love her dearly.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: Across—1. bruin, 4. hr., 5. idea, 6. boot, 8. AM., 9. eye, 14. me. Down—1. broom, 2. unite, 3. niece, 6. bull, 7. yr., 10. ye, 11. oz., 12. cm., 13. to.

Eyes of Love

By Dixie Laslett Thompson

CAPPY is a black Cocker Spaniel, who has been totally blind since the age of two, as a result of a virus infection. He is now seven years old and lives a happy, thoroughly normal life, thanks to the devoted care of his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scanlon, of Blue Point, New York.

They have two other dogs—a black cocker named Glory Gravy Train, and a Great Dane called Caesar. All three dogs play together, but of course, the two cockers are constant companions. The yard is completely enclosed by a fence and Cappy's owners make it a point to keep everything in the yard in exactly the same place, so Cappy will not stumble or run into anything in his travels.

Recently, while next-door-neighbors were playing badminton, Cappy came over to visit. When the shuttlecock was lost in the bushes, Cappy, with his keen sense of smell, was the first to find it. The only trouble was, he thought it was a game for him to play, and he was reluctant to part with the shuttlecock.

Cappy runs, sniffs and plays just like any other dog, his tail wagging happily in that inimitable cocker spaniel fashion. People who see him for the first time find it hard to believe he is actually blind. "But he looks so happy! they always exclaim. And Cappy really is a happy dog. He has a wonderful disposition and thrives on the loving care his proud owners give him. It can truly be said of Cappy that he sees through eyes of love . . . the eyes of his owners who care for him with the devotion and thoughtfulness of true dog lovers.

HELP YOURSELF

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any. This will help us to help you!

Out of the Past



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 1 Boston, Oct. 6, 1868 No. 5

Constancy

A young British officer in India, who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal engagement. Her noble reply was worthy of a true woman:—"Tell him if there is enough of his body left to contain his soul, I shall hold him to his engagement."

Vol. 1 Boston, Dec. 1, 1868 No. 7

Sabbath for the Working Man

The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone . . . The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

Vol. 1 Boston, April 6, 1869 No. 11

Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. Each would ride a while, or "ride and tie" as the saying goes. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his mule's hip, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked: "What's the matter?" "The cratur's kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers," said the other, "he's did the same to me on the back of me head."



"You two kiddies should hide your heads in shame! I saw you fighting again!"

Putting on the Dog

"Since we must be together for some time," the Poodle said, "we might as well introduce ourselves. My name is Fi Fi, spelled f-i, f-i."

The Pekingese nodded slightly and said, "My name is Ko Ko, spelled k-o, k-o."

The mongrel looked from one to the other and then said, "My name is Fido, spelled p-h-i-d-e-a-u-x."

Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1959 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS is ready for mailing. The low price of this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is still only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

"Although shelter work is my special interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.
OF
DEAN OF INSTRUCTION
Plymouth Teachers College, Plymouth, N. H.

**THIS SPACE
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*A*S Mr. Robert Cutler, former president of the Old Colony Trust Co., of Boston once said:

"Private charity is the priceless ingredient of our modern civilization. It flowers amid our luxuries and comforts, our mechanical triumphs, our fearful invasion of the atomic mystery. It is the spiritual triumph over the material, an instant and personal link with all the good that has been done through all the centuries. It is a sure sign that, amid the suffocating onrush of modern times, men still retain their individual personalities and still may continue to live, as their fathers and forefathers did — free men in a free society."

For those of our readers who have given contributions and donations to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here is a brief description of the Society you have so generously aided:

The Massachusetts Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a private charity unaided by local, state or federal funds depending solely upon the generosity of interested parties. It has an active, responsible governing board whose members receive no compensation. All the moneys raised by the Society are spent for purposes for which they are solicited. The ethical promotion appeals to a sense of justice and humane practice. Commissions for fund raising are not paid. Never is unordered merchandise mailed out in an effort to gain funds. Annually an audit of the books is taken by certified public accountants. Your Society performs a needed public service without the aid of public funds.

At this time of the year when personal incomes must be accounted for remember that your donation to the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., a non-profit organization, is a legitimate charitable deduction on your income tax.

Remember: Private Charity is the priceless ingredient of our modern civilization

